MAKING THE GRADE

MAKING THE GRADE

By
MAURICE SWITZER

A collection of
light philosophical essays
reprinted from The KANT SLIP
the House-Organ of
The Kelly-Springfield Tire Co.

New York
KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE COMPANY
250 West 57th Street

Copyright, 1922
Kelly-Springfield Tire Co.

Life is a railroad whose right of way traverses the green valleys of pleasure and the arid plains of disappointment; it runs through cuts of circumstance and over fills of expediency into the winding mountain passes of ambition to the top of the tall range of achievement. Man is the locomotive. Almost any sort of engine can haul the load through the pleasant level stretches, but it takes real pulling power to make the grade to the lofty summits, and exquisitely adjusted brakes to safely accomplish the descent from the heights into Life's terminal at the end of the line.

Table of Contents

The One-Man Band 5
Meanness 8
Courtesy 10
Sinners 13
Optimism 15
Smiles and Smilers 18
Imitations 21
Courage 26
Confidence 30
Authority 33
Loyalty 36
The Man With a Woe 39
Wealth and Other Troubles 42
It's a Poor Revenge That Works Both Ways 46
Vanity 50
Truth 53
Thought 57
Self-Glorification 63
Success 65
Inspiration 68
Idealism 73
Opportunity 77
Genius 81
Feminine Intuition 85
Self-Pity 90

THE ONE-MAN BAND

It is to be doubted if he will ever find his way to heaven who desires to go thither alone.

—FELTHAM

HE used to be called "The One-Man Band." Possibly you remember him. He was a familiar figure some years ago on the streets of the smaller cities and towns. He played the concertina, the bass-drum, the cymbals and triangle and a set of sleigh bells —which were attached to his hat—all at the same time.

His performance was more dexterous than musical and while he attracted considerable attention his audience was recruited from the curious who marveled more at his ingenuity than at his art. Like all novelties, he had his day and then passed on into that "Limbo, large and broad, since called the Paradise of Fools."

In business, however, we still have the "One-Man Band." He seems to survive in spite of modern methods and continues to joyfully manipulate all the instruments in the orchestra, simultaneously. He is a bit out of tune with the times which have set the seal of obsolescence on

his profession, but he still goes merrily on enjoying himself.

He opens the mail, dictates all the correspondence, does the buying, the selling, audits the books, supervises the shipping and the receiving and manages his plant, if he has one. He is the first down in the morning and the last to leave the office in the evening. He is too busy to take a holiday and he looks upon vacations as a sinful waste of money and time.

His entire mind is filled with his own business and he is usually uninterested in that of the other fellow unless he happens to be a competitor. In consequence of which his mental horizon is as broad as the space between his eyes; and as a companion he is as cheerful as an empty church and as entertaining as the itch.

Sometimes he manages to accumulate a comfortable fortune, but if he succeeds in laying the foundation for any sort of business, it is usually his heirs, successors or assigns who develop it into a great enterprise.

Since he has confidence in nobody he is unable to co-operate and is therefore rarely a help to his community; in civil affairs he is a zero.

The One-Man Band is a relic of the Stone Age when every man was a law unto himself and trusted nothing but his club; he has no place in modern business.

No man can develop who believes that nobody can do anything right but himself, or who is not

broad enough to give another his due or the opportunity to grow with him or past him if the other fellow is big enough. Sometimes this state of mind is the result of environment and sometimes it is due to suspicion and selfishness. Whatever the cause, it is an affliction which is only cured when Fate takes a hand and lays the victim away for a period in the hospital. Then he sometimes returns and is amazed to find even more harmony than when he attempted to play everything in the orchestra from the tuba to the traps.

MEANNESS

The mean man suffers more in his selfishness than he from whom meanness witholds some important benefit.

—*EMERSON.*

JUVENAL, who lived in Rome about eighteen hundred years ago, said among other satirical things, that "no man ever becomes extremely wicked all at once." Juvenal had the habit of saying mean things about his distinguished contemporaries, but his remarks were generally tinged with truth. Eventually, however, he got "in wrong" and had to end his days far from his home town. He probably never considered himself among the wicked, so his observation on the growth of perversity was merely a philosophical generality.

Meanness, like other mental diseases, presents, no doubt, certain symptoms, and if these were noted in time the malady could be checked, if not cured.

It is so much more pleasant to be nice than to be nasty, and so much more profitable, that only one with a warped mentality would deliberately choose to be wicked. So it behooves us to remember what Juvenal said, when we come across some individual who makes it his business to

upset our theories of life so thoroughly as to shake our faith in human nature. Men grow wicked little by little, and losing faith in human nature is one of the surest signs of encroaching wickedness.

It is probably also true that no man ever grew extremely good all at once. This is a comforting thought when you find yourself in the presence of some superior being whose glittering virtues make you feel as though you were headed for Hades on a 50 per cent grade, with the brakes out of order and the gears stuck; so cheer up, there's always room at the top. It isn't how fast you travel so much as how soon you start.

COURTESY

How sweet and gracious, when in common speech,
Is that fine sense which men call Courtesy!
Wholesome as air and genial as the light,
Welcome in every clime as breath of flowers—
It transmutes aliens into trusting friends,
And gives its owner passport round the globe.

—JAMES T. FIELDS.

"LIFE is not so short," said Emerson, "but there is always time enough for courtesy." No matter upon what rung of the social ladder we may stand, we are never so high nor so low that we can afford to be discourteous. The bigger we are the more gracefully we may unbend; the smaller we are the less we can afford to be stiff-necked or indifferent to those with whom we come in contact.

Our attitude towards others marks us as a gentleman or a cad. Neither money nor position can supply good breeding; it is our manners which elevate or lower us in the estimation of the world.

Politeness costs nothing, yet it often pays big dividends. If it is part of our business to meet people, a genial smile, an active willingness to oblige, an unmistakable desire to please, will

eventually yield returns in the way of a permanent clientele that is bound to prove a valuable asset no matter where we are.

If your work does not bring you in contact with the customers of your house, but on some occasion, coming in or going out, you should see somebody unnoticed or neglected, don't pass him by indifferently because selling goods isn't your job. Everything that helps the business is your job. Only a very little mind is above doing small things that help along the cause. As Hubbard once said, "The man who never does more than he is paid for, never is paid for more than he does."

Enormous effort may be expended by a sales department in the distribution of goods; incalculable skill and tireless effort put forth by the manufacturing department to make a first-class product, and hundreds of thousands of dollars spent in advertising it to the public. All this combined effort is to create satisfied customers, who through good treatment and good goods, will stand by the house. Yet, one discourteous employee, be his position ever so humble, may by his thoughtlessness or indifference tear down more constructive fabric in five minutes than the combined organization can build up in a week.

No matter what your position is, make it your job to be courteous. Your employers are judged by you. You are supposed to represent them—not to misrepresent them. This is a responsi-

bility you cannot dodge, either in justice to those who depend upon you or in duty to yourself, for your own good breeding is on trial.

It is related of Lincoln, that on one occasion, while driving along a country road with a friend, he met an aged negro who lifted his hat to the President. Lincoln promptly returned the salute in kind, whereupon his companion asked in surprise:

"Surely, Mr. President, it isn't your custom to tip your hat to a negro?"

"Surely," returned Lincoln, "you couldn't expect me to permit a negro to outdo me in politeness?"

The bigger the man the more he can afford to be courteous; the smaller he is, the less he can afford to be otherwise.

SINNERS

Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin.
—FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

THERE is more hope for the one who has done something to society than for him who has never done anything for it. The dividing line between the two is the difference between a human being and a bivalve. The most abominable sin in the category of human weaknesses is selfishness. The power of thought is conferred upon mankind only, and who does not use that gift to promote the spirit of co-operation is merely reverting to his ancestral type who got his living with a club.

We may admire genius whether it takes the form of great will or great talent but we need not lift our hats to it. Genius is a gift and for what is bestowed upon a man he is in no way responsible. Contrariwise, he who is born with some great failing or a number of little ones deserves sympathy and not contempt.

All of us have some innate weakness, and those of us who successfully battle against it and rise superior to it have done something worth while and therein have earned both respect and admiration.

Some of us remain respectable because we lack the courage to sin; others because we have never

been tempted; but who may truthfully maintain that he is strictly honest until he has stood the acid test of temptation?

It is easier and often pleasanter to yield to temptation than to combat it; if this were not true there would be nobody in jail; yet, while sturdy self-restraint is indeed a gift, we may develop a weak will if we keep exercising it.

The lower a man falls in the social scale the greater a fight he must make to rise, but great fights yield great victories, so the compensation is usually worth the effort. Leonidas with 300 Greeks held the Pass of Thermopylae against the whole Persian army, and his feat has lived for 2400 years. Had 300 men battled only against equal odds nobody would have heard of it.

We are none of us down and out until we admit the fact to ourselves. Society may take away our liberty and chastise our bodies but no one can deprive us of our spirit. It was a wise philosopher who enunciated this great truth: "Money lost, little lost; honor lost, much lost; nerve lost, all lost."

The world may point a scornful finger at us and brand us a failure, but if we still have some respect for ourselves we can make the world eventually share it.

After all, there is more credit in conquering our weaknesses than in living a blameless life merely because we happen to have been born without the desire to transgress.

OPTIMISM

He that lives upon hope will die fasting.

—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

OPTIMISM is a valuable gift and a delightful characteristic, provided it is the right brand of optimism. When faith in the future is founded upon a proper understanding of conditions and it is freely expressed, it helps to dispel the too-ready tendency of many people to create an artificial state of depression, which, if persisted in, may become real, and it sets up instead an atmosphere of cheerfulness that helps to make life worth while. But simple optimism without judgment is like a beautiful woman without brains: lovely to look on but a bore to live with.

The municipal rooming houses in every large city include among their guests a large percentage of habitual optimists, and in every bread line, there are always a few of them, who, like Mr. Micawber, spent their days in waiting for something to turn up, until they were eventually turned out.

Optimism is too often the excuse of the indolent or the alibi of the improvident. The only

optimism that is worth while is the sort that can take a wallop from misfortune and come back smiling. To believe in oneself and to have the courage and the will to make another effort in the face of any kind of odds is practical optimism.

To neglect an opportunity in the hope that a better one will develop; to fail to make provision for the future against the mutability of time because of a child-like faith in the future is not optimism but ignorance.

The gambler, the spendthrift, the joyrider—yes, even the burglar, are impractical optimists. They believe, that while their operations are risky, they somehow will escape unscathed.

Lincoln was a practical optimist. His faith was founded upon a fine sense of reason and justice, ripened by experience and developed by unusual effort; the results of his optimism are an everlasting monument to his name and an inspiration to the Nation.

N. Bonaparte and W. Hohenzollern were impractical optimists. The first by a rare combination of brains, spirit and egotism, succeeded for a while in turning Europe upside down at a time when world conquests seemed impossible. His optimism or fatalism—which is optimism if one believes that he is destined to everlastingly succeed—landed him on St. Helena. William, with less brains than Napoleon, but more egotism and optimism, got himself in Dutch and at last reports was sawing wood and saying nothing.

Be an optimist, but don't let your optimism blind you to the necessities of the moment, which require not only faith in the future but hard effort in the present to balance the mistakes of the past.

SMILES AND SMILERS

Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.

—POPE.

PROBABLY fifty thousand epigrams have been written about the efficacy of the "smile." It is also likely that forty-nine thousand of them have been penned by people with serious countenances, whom nothing could move to laughter except the loss of some distant relative who had unexpectedly remembered them in a last will and testament.

The smile is supposed to be, according to a large school of modern philosophers, a sort of panacea for all worldly ills. It is recommended to achieve advancement, to sell goods, to dispel anger, to soften the hard bill collector, and to mollify the landlord; but nobody among the cheerful philosophers has yet maintained that it would pay taxes, buy gasoline, or supply the balance for an over-drawn bank account.

There are several kinds of smiles: for instance, there's that one about a certain young lady of Niger who went for a ride on a tiger and returned from the ride with the lady inside and the

smile on the face of the tiger. And there's the one about the worth while fellow who can smile when everything's gone dead wrong. And wasn't it Shakespeare who said that "One may smile and smile, and be a villain"? That's it: you never can tell from the size of the smile the kind of mind behind it. True, the human animal is the only one in all creation upon whom nature has vouchsafed the ability to smile. Of course, a dog can wrinkle his nose and assume a funny expression that bears some resemblance to levity, but whether that is really a smile or merely a contraction of the muscles must remain a mooted question to all but the nature fakers until somebody has learned to talk to a dog in his own language, if dogs really have a language. So, assuming that man alone has the ability to smile, it is reasonable to believe that he should make use of the gift. But man is also the only animal who can talk—that is, intelligently. Yet a fellow who talks all the time, even intelligently, is an intolerable nuisance.

Just as there is a difference between sane talk and silly talk, so there is a right time to smile and a wrong time to smile; and there is also the difference between a pleasant smile which at the right moment lights up the countenance of an intelligent person, and the vacuous grin which has become a fixture on the face of that misguided individual who has been led to believe that a smile, regardless of when or where it is

displayed, will act as an open sesame upon all occasions.

Cheerfulness is a joy and a delight as a general thing, but there are moments when even cheerfulness is out of place. A grouch is a perpetual nuisance—that is, the chronic kind—but the fellow who walks about with an eternal smile upon his face may be either a rogue or an imbecile.

So, wear your smiles with judgment, as you wear your clothes. Smile when you say "hello" and when you say "good-bye." Smile often but not always, for if you do you may be suspected of having either a vacant mind or a villainous one.

IMITATIONS

They copied all they could follow,
But they couldn't copy my mind,
And I left 'em sweatin' and stealin'
A year and a half behind.

—KIPLING.

THOUGHT and action are the two dominant factors that make for progress. Thought first, for motion without thought is merely undirected energy, like the movements of a goldfish in an aquarium, a rat in a trap, or a ship adrift without a rudder.

Columbus thought that the world was round, but if he had simply continued to think about it instead of digging up sufficient finances with which to prove his theory, somebody else would have discovered the Western World.

Every great invention is the result of thought, but its successful application depends on subsequent labor or action. The underlying success of every great enterprise is imagination, and whenever a fine organization begins to disintegrate, the fault is usually due to lack of concerted effort, and that in turn is due to an absence of thoughtful, analytical management or direction.

It has been said that "imitation is the sincerest

flattery," and while that may be true, it is no less a fact that imitation is also the greatest stultifier—of the imitator.

A sustained mental effort means a certain amount of physical wear and tear. It is work—hard work. Imitation requires no original thought—it is the "easiest way"; that is the reason why there are so few leaders and so many followers. To put an original plan into operation requires a certain amount of initiative and pluck, and the courage to smile in the face of failure. The imitator takes no such chances; he simply follows the blazed way and if he falls down he has a ready-made excuse.

The commercial pirate who lives upon the efforts of another and steals his thought is a kind of human vulture who sits placidly and patiently on the limb of a tree, waiting to pounce down for a meal as soon as his victim's vitality is low enough to make him no longer dangerous.

Nine times out of ten the imitator is a failure. His one success is due usually to the fact that he has unconsciously developed something of value. In such instances, if he had devoted himself exclusively to the betterment of his product and spent all of his efforts in improving it rather than dividing his energy by following the other fellow, he would have been doubly successful.

Emerson, writing on the subject of "Self-Reliance," states that there comes a time in the experience of every man when he discovers that

envy is ignorance and imitation, suicide. In an essay on "Character" he goes on to say that: "There are geniuses in trade as well as in war or the state or letters; and why this or that man is fortunate is not to be told. It lies in the man: that is all anybody can tell you about it. . . . Nature seems to authorize trade, as soon as you see the natural merchant. . . . His probity combines with his insight into the fabric of society, to put him above tricks, and he communicates to all his own faith, that contracts are of no private interpretation. The habit of his mind is a reference to standards of natural equity and public advantage; and he inspires respect, and the wish to deal with him, both for the quiet honor which attends him, and for the intellectual pastime which the spectacle of so much ability affords."

This picture was drawn before the day of great advertising campaigns or institutions large enough to require governmental regulation; nevertheless it is a pretty good likeness of natural ability. The enterprises that endure are built of seasoned timber; they are founded upon proper principles and they reflect the character and natural ability of those who successfully direct them.

Original thought is not plentiful, but it can be had for a price. Nowadays, however, the tendency seems to be towards confiscation rather than origination. And strange to say, the operation is

fraught with little danger. In business, as in politics, the principle is to claim everything until the showdown forces an issue. The Patent Office ostensibly offers protection to the inventor or designer, but when all is said and done, a patent is merely the first step to litigation or the license to sue. There is scarcely a trade-marked article which isn't counterfeited. There is never a device but the moment it meets with popular favor is instantly cunningly imitated with just enough difference to evade the law. We can always find the fellow with the "just as good" article for less money. Of course, it never is just as good, but it generally looks like the real thing and probably acts like it for a while: then the innocent victim finds out that he has paid the usual high price for tuition in the fool's school of experience.

There are other imitations, notably the one-idea man: the chap who once upon a time by accident or design did something creditable but was never able to duplicate the performance. Reputations are occasionally easily gained; circumstances have a lot to do with accomplishment. Men sometimes find a market for their services on the strength of what they once did somewhere else. The man who has only done one thing is like the prize-fighter who knocked out his adversary by a chance blow: merely an accident. Sometimes he proves to be a calamity. It isn't what we have done that counts; it is what we still can do. Yesterday is dead; today is here and who knows what

problems tomorrow may hold? To boast of the past is like trying to cash in on one's ancestry. Past performances are fair guides at the race track, but they are mighty poor assets in business.

COURAGE

Courage consists not in hazarding without fear, but in being resolutely minded in a just cause.

—PLUTARCH.

THE growing tendency of women to attend so-called boxing exhibitions, but which are really prize-fights for blood, money and fame, the frenzy of both sexes in the mob when the battle rages furiously, and their savage cries of encouragement to the victor when the blood flows and the knees of the vanquished begin to tremble in defeat is evidence enough—if evidence is needed— that human nature has changed little since those storied days "when romance was in flower."

The world loves a hero and the more spectacular his feats of valor the more, apparently, is he beloved.

Yet the Great War proved how common a quality physical courage really is. Amazing deeds of valor were the frequent performance of men drawn from the most peaceful walks of life; spectacular achievements were the every-day acts of thin-chested citizens who, fired by patriotism and

stirred by example, vied with the most robust in the risking of their lives.

Of the two kinds, physical courage is the commoner because it is frequently merely a matter of temperament; many men are born with what seems to be a complete absence of fear. They are the fellows who jump from parachutes, crawl up the perpendicular faces of skyscrapers, change aeroplanes in midair and perform countless other hair-raising stunts for the movies.

Such men are not imbeciles, but they lack the power of imagination. The probable result of their daring does not present itself to their minds as vividly as it would to a normally constituted person. Then there is a different type which is constantly seeking dangerous amusement and adventure out of a sheer excess of animal spirits.

Moral courage, however, is that which leads one to deliberately face danger, defeat or even extermination with a full knowledge and appreciation of the consequences, but, in spite of the natural fear of the unknown that is in the breast of every normal individual, to resolutely go ahead.

Moral courage is not, necessarily, spectacular and therefore often goes unnoticed; it seldom seeks to attract attention to itself. It does not perform courageous deeds for the sake of public approval or universal applause. It does boldly and fearlessly what is right because it is the right thing to do.

A man who will acknowledge a serious mistake fraught with painful consequences to himself when he could lay the error at another man's door, or escape simply by keeping silent, is morally courageous. That kind of a man might walk a mile out of his way to avoid a fight, yet he would not, for any reward, practice deceit.

The biggest bully, the sort of man who, at the drop of a hat will fight anything that disputes his superiority, will often grovel in the dust at the feet of some puny politician, or lie himself out of a scrape with the yellowness of a sneak-thief.

This is not an attempt to undervalue physical courage when it rises above the senseless savagery of a wild beast, but the aimless risking of life and limb for the mere purpose of basking in the spotlight of public approval is a cheap performance compared to the quiet moral courage of calmly facing a dangerous situation alone, for the sake of a principle. And, after all, most of the advance civilization has made and maintained in the past centuries is due more to such fortitude than to all the spectacular heroism on all the battlefields in history.

We once knew a prominent detective, who, having a long list of arrests to his credit, rose to a high place on the force. One dark night with three brother officers he led the way into a black hole of a cellar in the wake of a burglar. The thief, being armed, had command of the situation since he could observe the entrance to the base-

ment while he, under cover of the darkness, was invisible. Nevertheless, the detective unhesitatingly entered the cellar while the others stood guard outside—and he brought out his man.

Meeting him on the day he received a medal for this particular feat, we asked him if he were not afraid to go after this fellow, who was known as a dangerous criminal and who, in this case, had every advantage.

"Sure," he admitted, "but I was more frightened not to. I would rather face that crook's gun than admit to the other cops that I was scared. Besides," he added with a shrug and a smile, "it's all in a day's work; that's what we get paid for."

Here was an exhibiton of moral courage—to know the probable consequences and to feel the fear and yet to conquer it.

There is little real courage in the doing of a dangerous thing if one happens to be born without fear.

CONFIDENCE

Confidence in another man's virtue is no slight evidence of a man's own.

—MONTAIGNE.

A MODERN philosopher with a gift for epigram has said that "confidence is contagious," but it is a great deal more than that.

Confidence is something like appetite, which grows with what it feeds on.

To show confidence in others is to inspire faith in ourselves.

Hardened criminals have proved on occasion that they were capable of faithfully discharging a trust that had been reposed in them when placed upon the remnant of honor that still clung to their wrecked reputations.

To let a man know that you believe in him is often to awaken in his consciousness a decent instinct even though he may have slipped so far down the social scale as to regard truth and honor as mere figures of speech. Rather than have you find him out for what he is and forfeit your good opinion he will rise to the situation and fulfill

his obligation so as to justify the confidence you have reposed in him.

Just as there is generally a little that is bad in the best of us, so there is often much that is good in the worst of us and the development of that good or evil often depends upon the confidence we give or withhold.

No man can be a really great leader unless he has the confidence of his subordinates.

There have been successful man-drivers, but they have seldom survived for long; and success after all is a relative term.

Savage courage, rash audacity and a certain calculating ingenuity will attract the admiration of other adventurous spirits, but such a following is generally quick to shift allegiance when it is bound by no considerations of loyalty, respect and friendship.

Confidence is truly contagious, in spite of the fact that it is sometimes misplaced.

Confidence is a prolific breeder of little confidences which grow into great friendships if nurtured with care and judgment.

To earn confidence one must give it—not by half measures, but freely and sincerely.

Confidence is born of honesty. That man is usually ready to have faith in his fellow man who is himself to be trusted. Confidence is the cornerstone of the arch of business. The credit of the Nation is founded on confidence more than on collateral.

It is the confidence in a man's honesty and ability that establishes his line of credit with his bank more than his commercial rating.

Leadership that is founded upon confidence which is merited because it is never betrayed is the kind that lasts to the end; to get to the top by any other means is to rest upon the quicksands of circumstance.

AUTHORITY

Thou hast seen the farmer's dog bark at a beggar,
And the creature run from the cur: There,
There, thou might'st behold the image of authority;
A dog obeyed in office.

—SHAKESPEARE.

THERE is something amusing—and also sad, depending upon the point of view—in the spectacle of inflated pomposity which is sometimes presented by the man who, finding himself suddenly in a position of authority, begins to take himself seriously and gradually assumes an "up-stage" attitude.

It is amusing to the outsider with a sense of humor who can in no way be affected by the situation; it is sometimes tragic to those subordinates who, feeling, perhaps, that they have in some measure contributed to the up-building of an enterprise or business, find themselves compelled to endure the discouragements attendant upon simple vanity masquerading under the guise of commanding ability.

To a really big man, authority can never mean more than responsibility. Only a little mind will swell up with importance when it finds itself in a position to command.

It does not require a deeply philosophical mentality to understand and appreciate the limits of

the average mind and to know that even the ripest judgment is apt to err upon occasion. Such men do not invoke authority except when it is absolutely necessary to do so. They generally seek the co-operation of their associates and subordinates, believing that "In the multitude of counsellors there is safety," and that the best way to obtain co-operation is to furnish the inspiration for it.

Bluster and bombast are the tools of ignorance; wisdom wears the clothes of modesty. Wisdom, however, comes only with those years of experience in which we learn that the border line between success and failure is often so faint that we sometimes stand upon it unknowingly, when a step one way or the other will determine our rise or fall.

No measure of success can turn the head of the truly wise. Such men do not strike poses for the sake of making an impression. They feel their responsibility too keenly to strut and crow like a cock on a dunghill. The success of today may be only the beginning of tomorrow's failure, just as the perfect stillness of a starlit night is sometimes the calm that precedes the storm.

To grow big in a job is one thing, but to swell up in it is another; and the latter form of expansion is merely a sort of mental fatty-degeneration, which is usually fatal to the body it attacks. Sometimes it spreads contagion and increases its destructiveness.

It is all right to be vigorous and forceful when the dignity of your position demands it, but be sure that you are able to differentiate between self-respect and self-conceit.

Look about you now and then and ask yourself how much good fortune—or circumstances, if you prefer the term—has had to do with your success. Take stock of the other fellows occasionally, analyze their ability individually and collectively, and compare your finding with the sum total of your own genius. If, after you have done this you still believe yourself to be the whole works—consult an alienist.

LOYALTY

The first great work (a task performed by few)
Is that yourself may to yourself be true.

WENTWORTH DILLON.

EVERY business that has endured through the years, successfully weathering the storms of periodical depression, not only unaffected by organization changes, but arising regenerated in spite of adverse conditions, rests upon more than mere management. The foundation of such enterprise is public confidence, and to enjoy that distinction there must be service—service that is born of sincerity, honesty and loyalty.

The same rules that govern the success of an institution regulate the growth of an individual; few men who are disloyal ever reach a position in life where they are either happy or contented.

Cleverness, ingenuity, genius and industry are necessary and desirable qualifications, but they are not sufficient unto themselves to insure success.

The cleverest minds are often the heritage of crooks; ingenuity is a rare trait, but many a genius has ended in the bread-line. Ambition is commendable but sometimes dangerous unless

tempered with judgment. Industry is essential to advancement, but sheer motion leads nowhere. Loyalty is the finest quality in human nature and it earns for those who practice it the respect of even their enemies. The highwayman who lays down his life rather than "peach on his pal" or the gangster who goes to jail in preference to accepting immunity at the sacrifice of his accomplices gets the secret admiration of real men who believe that no man can be wholly bad who is truly loyal, even when such loyalty is devoted to a mistaken ideal.

Patriotism is loyalty to one's country; this nation has grown great because of the loyalty of its sons and daughters, and what is true of a country or an industry is no less true of a man. No man can grow big who is disloyal. To be false to others he must also be untrue to himself, and in the end he shall be found out and suffer the consequences of his acts.

To neglect your duty; to abuse a trust; to do less than you can; to work only when you are watched; to take advantage of lax supervision; to perform your tasks mechanically, are all forms of disloyalty which react by stultifying your growth.

If you do not like your job; if you believe that you are underpaid; if you think the man higher up occupies his position by accident, and that you could fill it and should have it, you cannot in that state of mind grow, and you ought to go; that is the only honest thing to do. To continue to take

money and give in return only a grudging service is both dishonest and disloyal.

Loyalty may not make you either rich or powerful, but riches and power do not always beget happiness; loyalty, however, will earn for you the respect of your associates, and that will keep you from being friendless, and no man is so poor as he who is unloved, suspected or despised, be he never so rich.

THE MAN WITH A WOE

Some people habitually wear sadness like a garment and think it a becoming grace. God loves a cheerful worshipper.

—CHAPIN.

YOU have met him. Perhaps he is a member of your family circle; or maybe you have encountered him at some social function; he sits in at every important conference and is generally present in every large organization.

He is either in hard luck or he expects to be. If business is good he believes it is merely a ripple on the waters of trade which will quickly settle into a dead calm so soon as the passing breeze of prosperity has subsided. If business is dull it is only a forerunner of worse times to come.

He can prove his assertion by drawing on his fund of experience, which is usually a dismal recital of fruitless effort.

He can smile, but when he does the smile is tinctured with sadness.

The future holds for him no roseate promise; he reflects only on the past, brooding upon his injuries, real or imaginary, like the sombre old

raven whose solitary note was a doleful "Nevermore."

He can recount numberless instances of unrequited kindness; of generous deeds met with ingratitude. To him mankind is a bankrupt army of degenerating grafters. He has lost faith in human nature and has an abiding pity only for himself.

His bump of imagination is a dent. He has a large vocabulary of protest against any innovation, but when it comes to constructive criticism he is as dumb as an onion.

He accepts favors readily and does not hesitate to ask them but does nothing for anybody except for value received. His slogan is "What's the Use?"

The dew that sparkles on the rose in the morning sun is reminiscent of yesterday's rain. The music of the surf as it breaks upon the rocks is a wail of shipwrecked souls. The fitful lightning on a summer's night is to him the forerunner of a storm.

He reads only such books as he can borrow, and then only grim tales; he believes all poetry to be effeminate though he has read none. He will argue forever but reason never; his mind is not open to conviction because he has prejudged everything according to his own dull standard.

He is so generally suspicious that on occasions he distrusts even himself. He carries his small change in a complicated pocketbook, which takes

so long to unfasten that the other man usually pays the fare.

Even if he were hungry, a piece of Swiss cheese would take the edge off his appetite because he could see only the holes.

He is The Man With a Woe.

WEALTH AND OTHER TROUBLES

It was wisely said by a man of great observation, that there are as many miseries beyond riches as on this side of them.

—IZAAK WALTON.

IN its most generally accepted sense, wealth is regarded as that state of abundance which enables its possessor to secure those things which are the most coveted objects of human desire.

Wealth, however, like many other things, is often a state of mind. To the man of family who struggles to make both ends meet on one hundred dollars a month, an income of five thousand dollars a year seems like a fortune. To the man who cannot support two on five thousand dollars a year, because he is living at the rate of eight thousand, or more, five thousand dollars a year seems but a pittance. And so it proceeds, *ad infinitum.*

Many a man has accumulated a fortune only to find that after he had bought everything that could be gotten for dollars, there still remained many things money couldn't buy. For instance, social position, which in some communities is

measured only by breeding, achievement, family or like qualifications.

Others have amassed wealth at the expense of health to find money of little value in the end. Some have climbed to opulence upon the backs of their friends and arrived at their goal surrounded by the strange faces of those whom they were afraid to trust.

Many have won riches honorably, given of them prodigally, and bought for themselves all the things they craved most and then found life empty because there was nothing more to buy, the glamor of possession always having faded with the attainment of the object.

Broadly there are two kinds of luxuries that money can buy: creature comforts that contribute to the ease and pleasure of living and the baubles of personal adornment.

Music, art and literature are not included, because while money can buy them, money cannot buy an intelligent appreciation for them, and without an understanding of art there can be nothing but a vain glory in its possession.

Too many comforts breed indolence and with idleness we invariably get into trouble. As the majority of the world works, the idle man becomes a nuisance to himself and to those he favors with his company and he soon finds it out to his embarrassment.

There can be no other desire for the trifles of gilt and precious stones than to flaunt them be-

fore the eyes of those who cannot afford them. No woman would care for the most expensive string of pearls in Tiffany's if she had to wear them on a barren island where there were no other people to see them. And the same thing may be said of expensive clothing.

The pursuit of happiness has been the aim of man ever since man aimed at anything save satisfying his hunger; and most people regard wealth as the surest road to happiness. It is discouraging when the best years of one's life have been spent in the accumulation of riches to find out that money is sometimes only another kind of trouble, after all. Of course, there is a lot of fun in the winning of fortune; many men go on accumulating wealth for the excitement of the thing, just as other men hunt tigers and lions or take to flying. But the piling up of purposeless wealth is generally poor sport in the end, because quick, large gains are usually acquired at a loss to somebody else; it is a tearing down process and the only things worth while are those which are constructive.

Occasionally a young man comes out of college where he has been pondering deeply and philosophically. He reflects upon the hopelessness of things in general and concludes that the world is all wrong.

He sets out to impose his original theory of conduct or government upon the people in whom he is supremely interested. But his theory isn't

either new or original. Nothing is new; reformers have been trying to correct the morals of men long before Moses put the screws to Pharaoh.

Finally, the young thinker gets discouraged, he broods upon the injustice of society and becomes a socialist or a syndicalist or possibly a bolshevist or some other offshoot of radicalism.

In the course of time, however, these young philosophers acquire the wisdom of experience, which only comes with age, and then they learn that they cannot change the current of human thought until they have learned how to alter human nature—and that's something nobody has ever been able to do. When that fact sinks into their consciousness they become good citizens and sin like their fellow men.

All of which resolves itself into the query, "What's the use of anything, since nothing seems to matter?"

We have no intention of attempting to answer that question.

This is merely a philosophical generalization, not an oracular conclusion.

IT'S A POOR REVENGE THAT WORKS BOTH WAYS

He that studieth Revenge keepeth his own wounds green.
—BACON.

GETTING ahead in this world is no light undertaking. To make your way in spite of disappointment, to go on in the face of misfortune, to step forward regardless of obstacles that turn up in the path of your progress requires not only a stout heart but a clear head.

The mere task of earning a livelihood is beset with enough difficulties to discourage the average toiler from any attempt to do greater things than remain out of debt.

Except in boom times when mediocre capacity is over-rewarded and commanding ability is often underpaid, intelligent effort is the ruling force in the race for success. In normal times the day is all too short for the man of alert mind who is generally too busy to watch the clock; he reluctantly leaves his desk when everybody else has gone home, with a thousand things undone.

That sort of man knows that in the limited time

in which he is permitted to abide on this earth, he cannot waste the hours in unprofitable speculation. He knows that time is the one thing that once lost may never be recovered. A wasted day is gone forever; so he does not idle away the precious moments of a limited life in fanciful reveries.

In the course of experience we are sure to encounter many discouragements and numerous disappointments. Now and then we are likely to meet with rank ingratitude and base disloyalty. Occasionally we may suffer an injury, accidentally wrought or intentionally delivered.

The immature intellect is apt to treasure such injustices and to brood upon them until they become obsessions which cloud the mind in a mist of doubt, suspicion and hate. The desire to get even with an offender becomes the ruling passion and a state of mentality is developed which is totally unfitted to grapple with the bigger and more important problems of life as they come along.

To get into that state of mental stultification is to work to the direct benefit of those who are inimical to our interests. No man is so impotent as the one whose mental efficiency is impaired by an obsession for vengeance.

Life is far too short to be wasted in profitless thinking, and any time devoted to the consideration of revenge upon an enemy; any moments spent in brooding upon the injuries we have suf-

fered, is a dissipation of energy as great as the uncontrolled water which goes over the dam.

It is a fairly safe conclusion that anyone who stoops to meanness or resorts to trickery in an attempt to injure another out of spite or jealousy or for the purpose of personal gain is of an order of intelligence so low that he need not be seriously regarded as a forceful contender in any field of decent endeavor. That thought should be sufficient compensation in itself for the injury or affront—if, indeed, any compensation is necessary.

The flabby mind, the loose thinker, the resorter to vain tricks rarely rises above the level of mediocrity; there is no need to worry about squaring matters with such a type. Nature has already classified and ticketed him for the deep pit of oblivion; he rarely gets anywhere but in trouble.

Only those who lead such colorless and generally unsuccessful careers that they never attract any attention to themselves are the ones who never have any enemies. The higher you rise the easier a mark you will become. Nobody ever envies a failure; enemies are the heritage of the successful.

The philosopher in business who is too busy building up something for himself to bother about his enemies is the one in the end who is able to retire and live on his income.

There are strenuous years before us. The sun has set upon the halcyon days of easy money.

It takes hustle and constant thinking in the right direction to get ahead in this swift age. Don't waste time brooding over injuries, real or fancied. Forget them and put in your day thinking constructively if you want to get somewhere and stay there.

Revenge is emotional stuff that is all right in a romance or in the movies, but it never paid any dividends in business; it's a sort of two-edged sword that cuts in both directions and leaves an infected wound.

It may not be a good rule that doesn't work both ways, but it's a mighty poor revenge that does.

VANITY

Virtue would not go far if Vanity did not keep it company.
—La ROCHEFOUCAULD.

TALK to the average sensible man about the little human weaknesses to which all flesh is heir and he will smilingly acknowledge a few pet vices of his own.

Charge him with an occasional lack of judgment and he will not deny it. Accuse him of periodical exaggeration and he will admit the possibility. Intimate the probability of a casual lapse of respectability and he may either smile indulgently or maintain a certain mysterious silence which might be construed as consent.

Suggest to him, however, that he is a little vain and the chances are that he will regard the assumption as a slander and indignantly deny the allegation.

It has been told of Henry Ward Beecher that an admirer once said to him, "Doctor, I heard a gentleman say recently that you were one man whom it was impossible to flatter."

"You don't say so!" replied the great Plymouth preacher with an appreciative smile.

There may be no truth in this anecdote—probably there isn't—but it is illustrative of the ease

with which even strong men succumb to adulation.

We sometimes form instant dislikes for people whom we meet for the first time; instinctive prejudices which have no foundation in any reasonable objection. Let us, however, discover that such a person does not reciprocate our aversion, but quite the contrary has said something very agreeable about us, and our prejudice starts to thaw immediately. We begin to wonder what there could possibly have been about the person to have aroused our repugnance; and with the melting of our antipathy comes, if not affection, at least a certain degree of respect.

Vanity supplies the thrill the little boy feels when he discards his rompers for his first pair of knickerbockers; it fills with joy that epochal moment when, shedding his knickerbockers, he dons his first pair of long trousers. Vanity furnishes the exhilaration in his first pompadour haircut; it keeps the misplaced eyebrow on his upper lip when he reaches adolescence, and so on through the seven ages it sticks to him as inseparable as his shadow.

Vanity has too long been regarded as a prime feminine weakness. She has it, of course, but generally in a different form. There comes a time, however, in the lives of many women when they are no longer vain; when they become resigned to drudgery or misfortune and cease to feel much interest in life; then they lose their men who be-

gin to admire other women whose vanity is still in a good state of repair.

But the average man continues to maintain at least a certain degree of vanity to the end. Even the careless, unkempt fellow who professes to despise ordinary conventionalities; who disregards the dictates of fashion, looks with contempt upon any form of personal adornment and glories in his old and out-of-date attire is actually making a fetish of his dowdiness and a boast of his indifference.

"Vanity—all is Vanity," as the illustrious Son of David is said to have remarked some three thousand years ago. He built a wonderful temple and maintained an even more wonderful seraglio. His observations upon life have come down to us as pearls of wisdom. After his amazing matrimonial adventures and his indulgence in every conceivable form of extravagance and luxury, he finally arrived at the conclusion that everything was vanity. A really wise man would have known it long before.

Don't deny your vanity. Don't be ashamed of it unless it is inordinate. Vanity is one of the traits that help to keep us human. Mixed up with self-respect, ambition, aspiration, emulation and pompous dignity, is a goodly proportion of vanity, and in the final analysis it is difficult to determine which is which.

TRUTH

And simple truth miscalled simplicity.

—SHAKESPEARE.

HAVING only a passing acquaintance with the Book, I am not sure, but I think it is written somewhere in the New Testament that "The truth shall make you free." Whether it will or not, it is certainly a fact that truth will occasionally interfere with one's liberty, and that it is frequently responsible for considerable embarrassment will meet with no denial.

Shakespeare seems to have hit the nail more squarely on the head when he said that the truth was not simple.

It has been stated that the American Indian was originally a sober and truthful individual; that in his savage breast falsehood found no lodgment until the coming of the white man. From his pale-faced brother he learned the doubtful advantages of prevarication and the vain tricks of subterfuge, even as he was taught to drain the flask that cheered and maddened him into the commission of foul deeds that matched the color of his hide.

However that may be, lying appears to be as old as the world, and, paradoxical as it may seem, that the truth is not simple is still the simple truth.

Falsehood is a heritage of civilization. Ugly as the word is, and undisguised by softer-sounding synonyms, lying is at the bottom of shrewd diplomacy, it is the foundation upon which fortunes have rested, empires have been reared and some careers have been builded.

"It is better to lie a little than be unhappy much!" said the naive heroine in "The Darling of the Gods," which is to say, that on occasion where the truth seems to be more painful than beneficial, prevarication may be regarded as a virtue.

A modern philosopher has classified lying into three general divisions: "lies, damned lies and statistics." In any event, truth, stripped and naked (and, possibly, abashed by its own nudity), is modestly in hiding where few can find it. Perhaps it reposes, as some have held, at the bottom of a well; but it is just as elusive today as when old Diogenes unsuccessfully hunted it with a lantern.

Now and then some stout-hearted soul sallies forth to flay the false devil and live his life free from dissemblance and deceit; but the practical world smiles knowingly, and, unless the adventurer takes to the desert or otherwise buries himself, he discovers after awhile that truth is indeed stranger than fiction, inasmuch as fiction is a

familiar figure with an established reputation, while poor truth, exotic and unconventional, is rarely taken at its face value in the world of men.

Back in the dim past when Ag coveted the wife of Og, he strode forth with his trusty club and, if luck were with him, he removed the obstacle to his happiness. If, perchance, the lady demurred, he dragged her by the hair to his own cave and so ended the argument, frankly and convincingly.

In a later age, when civilization had decreed the use of silks instead of hides as a covering for the noble forms of warrior chiefs, men did things differently. "Bluff King Hal" managed legally to annex five ladies at various times, taking them on and disposing of them according to his changing moods, by devious means more ingenious than those of Ag but less ingenuous. The results, however, were the same. All of which goes to show that though the softening processes of civilization may work changes in our habits, human nature undergoes little alteration.

And in our own day, what do we find? Probably in every case that is being tried before our law courts and where witnesses are called by both sides, some of them are testifying falsely, despite their oath to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth; and twelve "good men and true" are left to deliberate and determine, if possible, who the liars are.

The most immaculate soul would scarcely dare affirm from the bottom of his heart that no word or act of his is ever tinged by certain considerations which are incompatible with perfect honesty and truthfulness.

The pure die young; it is inevitable that they do.

THOUGHT

How few think justly of the thinking few!
How many never think, who think they do!

—JANE TAYLOR.

WHEN sheep are being led to slaughter, they are usually preceded by a leader who takes them up or down the runway, as the case may be; the head of the procession is a trained animal that steps aside and escapes the executioner, while the rest of the flock get it in the neck.

The rank and file of the average political organization is composed of a body of men who exhibit the same intelligence as the flock of sheep. They accept without question the policies and opinions of their leaders without ever stopping to consider whether their motives are founded upon sound economic principles or if they are the result of purely selfish considerations.

It is only when his freedom of action or personal comfort is interfered with that the individual wakes up to the fact that he has been misled by a too-ready tendency to accept as a fact the opinions of somebody else.

This condition is true not only of politics; it exists in every organization where men avoid re-

sponsibility and are ready blindly to follow somebody with enough energy and initiative to assume the lead.

The average man is a sort of human phonograph record. Like the wax cylinder he takes an impression of vocal sounds and under proper conditions reproduces them with unvarying faithfulness without in the least understanding their meaning.

The world may be said to be divided into two great general classes; those who give orders and those who take them. The latter is, of course, in the great majority, because it is much easier to follow than to lead; far simpler to accept the cut and dried opinion of somebody else than to carefully analyze a question and decide it independently.

Most of our habits and our conventionalities are the outgrowth of our sheep-like natures. The age of romance is not dead and the pioneer spirit is still alive in the race, but physical and mental laziness prompt the great majority of us to follow the beaten path, without ever inquiring what, if anything, lies at the end of the road.

We are dazzled by success, and in the light of achievement we accept from the lips of the successful the baldest platitudes as if they were pearls of wisdom.

The readiness with which men who are accounted successful are willing to solve all the

riddles in the universe without regard to their ability to discuss intelligently subjects with which they have had no previous experience, proves their susceptibility to vanity and this inherent egoism stamps them as merely human beings after all.

The man who has amassed a million becomes a modern Moses and from the heights of a financial Sinai he hands down the law by which the multitude must be governed if, according to the prophet, it desires to live in peace, happiness and prosperity.

Success is rarely altogether an accident; but too many personal elements enter into any great achievement to make the life of some particular man serve as a universal pattern. Circumstances which may have had much to do with the success of one individual may be entirely absent in the case of another person whose intelligence, industry and ability may be of equal or surpassing calibre, but with that difference in circumstances or environment, possibly small in itself, success may be impossible.

Most men who have succeeded in life profess a set of rules to the following of which they attribute their success. But the chances are that, given a fresh start at the bottom and their own rules as a guidance, they could not duplicate their success unless conditions were again exactly what they were in the beginning. And conditions are ever changing.

It is a good thing to cultivate the habit of independent thought. Weigh an opinion if it is given but do not accept an emphatic statement as a fact merely because it is emphatic. A physician's opinion may be taken in a matter of human illness as better authority than that of a farmer. But even a successful physician who has achieved his reputation in urban practice would prove less reliable in a case of hog cholera than the farmer. Success is not always the result of wisdom, nor does wisdom always beget success.

A banker may know a great deal about finances; he may be able to analyze the balance sheet of some great commercial organization and decide quickly whether the concern were entitled to borrow money or whether it were headed for the rocks of disaster. But in the latter case he could not tell you how to reorganize the factory so that waste would be converted into efficiency and a thousand slackers made producers. In that respect he would have to defer to the judgment of the industrial engineer. Plenty of men have a working knowledge of many trades, but none is master of them all.

In time of stress, when a nation is faced by a real or imaginary crisis, such, for instance, as is occasioned by a state of war, and when the solution of new problems becomes difficult because they are unprecedented, we have a habit of turning for advice to those who have achieved some notable measure of success in our times.

The most spectacular successes are usually in finance, so we kneel at the feet of those in the limelight for inspiration and counsel. Few men who have been or who are constantly in the public eye can resist the temptation to assume the mantle of the prophet. Sometimes they are moved by patriotic impulse; often they speak with the conviction of that over-confidence born of public adulation to which, like other human beings, they are susceptible and so come to take themselves too seriously.

Mere success does not constitute omnipotence. The self-made man may be either an accident, a creature of circumstance or the result of numerous combinations in which some special ability formed a part, so that his right to speak with authority upon every important question may be rightly challenged.

It is well to pause occasionally and reflect before acting upon advice when it comes from the lips of the successful. The mechanism of commerce is a complicated and intricate contrivance, and no man is clever enough to put the whole works in order simply because he happens to be familiar with one part of the great machine, and to have grown rich because of this special knowledge.

Success is too often calculated in dollars. Brains may repose in the cranium of modest, retiring men who shun the searchlight of publicity, and genius often resides beneath overalls or a fifteen-

dollar suit of clothes. Cash is not always the measure of ability except in the eyes of failure, nor is its possessor invariably a fountain of universal knowledge.

It is well to seek the advice of those who have been successful according to the common standard of success, but advice never helped anybody who lacked the power of judgment, or who, having such power, was too lazy to use it.

Beware of the spectacular. The moth is attracted to the flame; the brighter the glare the more moths are allured to it, but in the end most of the insects get burnt.

SELF-GLORIFICATION

It is falling in love with our own mistaken ideas that makes fools and beggars of half mankind.

—YOUNG.

Of all things in the world we should beware of that folly by which most men please themselves and despise a better judgment.

—PLATO.

THERE is a certain quiet dignity which marks the bearing of most successful individuals. It isn't so much dignity, perhaps, as a kind of self-restraint which comes to those which have fought and won their way in the world and whose scars and callouses of the conflict are constant reminders of the many times they narrowly missed defeat.

Real ability is rarely boastful; the builder doesn't waste his energy in wind. The doer gets things done. He is a certified check, not a promissory note.

Conversation is no sign of capability; results speak louder than rhetoric.

The man who by sheer ability has attained a high position may be greatly pleased by praise; but he usually accepts it with an inward doubt as

to whether the commendation is altogether deserved.

The wiser he is the more he feels how little he knows of the great mysteries of life, and the longer he lives the more this truth is impressed upon his consciousness. So he grows modest with the years, more tolerant towards those less fortunate than himself and, above all, respectful and diffident to the opinion of others. Thus he adds to his store of knowledge and improves with age like good wine; he acquires poise and balance and that even temper which always gives him an advantage over the impulsive, quick-tempered individual in any test of strength.

Even those who have fought their way to championships of the prize ring are generally quiet and reserved men, given to clean living, and the last ones in the world to deliberately pick a street fight.

The boaster seeking the easiest way to a reputation tries to accomplish by noise and bluster what he cannot do by skill. This is true no less in business than in social intercourse. And so the leather-lunged braggart often goes down to defeat when he meets someone stout-hearted enough to accept the gage of battle.

SUCCESS

Be satisfied with success in even the smallest matters, and think that even such a result is no trifle.

—MARCUS AURELIUS.

P. D. ARMOUR is credited with having said that "Big men are little men who have been allowed to grow."

Big men—really big men, such as Mr. Armour was, for instance—need nobody's permission to expand; they grow in spite of all restrictions. Little men stay small and offer as an excuse for their insignificance the plea that nobody ever gave them a chance.

Chances are like kisses; the best ones are not given, they're taken.

Man is a sort of human motor-car: he can't develop more power than the Master Engineer put under his hood. His achievements are limited to his capacity or pulling power and the minute he tackles a bigger load than he is able to negotiate, something has to give way.

But there is no reason why we should all try to be top-liners in life's vaudeville. Sometimes the most disappointing number is the one which

has been billed the widest and whose name burns brightest in electric letters.

Many a man is a success who believes himself a failure. The fact that he has been unable to reach the goal attained by somebody else does not indicate his own mental insolvency.

A careful self-analysis may disclose a lack of certain qualifications which alone was responsible for the miscarriage of his plans—plans which, had they materialized, might have resulted in only brief success, anyhow.

In sentimental matters, probably, "It is better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all"; but it is not always better to have bossed and lost than never to have bossed at all.

It is far better to have remained useful and to have helped somebody else boss efficiently and to have shared the resultant blessings of success, than to have tried to run the whole works yourself and wrecked the machinery.

Success should be measured only by accomplishment, not by publicity.

The man who makes good in some modest position, the duties of which he discharges intelligently, is better off and happier and more useful to society than the fellow who manages to hold down a big job which is too large for his abilities and which, at the bottom of his heart, he knows he is not efficiently filling.

A dollar earned through ability is better than ten gotten through pull—yes, and it will buy

more, too—more happiness, and what is the use of success if it will not bring that?

Look forward, not behind; but be sure your gaze is not resting on a star which is beyond your reach. Success consists in knowing what we can do best and in doing it well. It is better to be the best accountant in town than the worst banker—and far more comfortable.

If you are exceptionally good at some particular thing, keep at it until you can do it better than any one else. If you succeed in that direction you are bound to make a record for yourself which will in the end net you more reputation and more emolument than if you finally succeeded in being merely one of the mob in some profession, higher up in the so-called social scale where you would probably remain unnoticed and unsung.

Success is usefulness; the more useful we are, the greater our success.

Many a private secretary knows more than his boss—and gets paid accordingly. Such men are successes and they know it, and whether the rest of the world is wise makes no difference to them.

Only the vain, the foolish and the inexperienced care for applause.

INSPIRATION

Many are the poets who never penn'd
Their inspiration, and perhaps the best.

—BYRON.

THERE seems to be an impression, even among those above average intelligence, that great ideas are usually the result of inspiration which comes suddenly into the mind of genius from the blue empyrean . . . that this inspiration is a sort of divine afflatus with which certain favored individuals are endowed as the prophets of old are said to have been.

Equipped with such inspirational gifts or clairvoyant power, all the gifted one needs to do is go into a trance until moved by the spirit; then the mysterious curtain is suddenly drawn aside and the Great Idea is revealed in a flood of light.

No doubt many a problem has been suddenly solved, as it were, by inspiration, after long and arduous thought has been devoted to it in vain; but the truth is that the inspiration might never have come but for the thought that preceded it.

Inspiration is generally the result of thought; thought does not spring from inspiration. That is, ideas are usually born of necessity; man at-

tempts to satisfy a need by devoting some thought to the problem and during the mental process he gets an inspiration which results in the solution.

Of course, there are moments when sudden inspiration strikes like a lightning flash and a new idea is born; but if human progress depended upon those rare occasions of divine inspiration, the world would be several centuries behind.

Poems, for instance, which read with delightful smoothness and fluidity and which seem to have been written with the greatest ease and facility, are usually the ones to which the utmost time has been devoted by their authors.

Some of the most beautiful lines ever penned are to be found in Thomas Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard." Yet this easy-flowing poem of only 116 lines, begun in 1742, was not completed until 1750.

There is no doubt that the poet devoted many hours during those eight years to the rounding out of his splendid lines before he was able to give them that touch of delicacy, that philosophy and rhythmic beauty which destined them to live as an everlasting classic in English literature.

Many a beautiful painting and countless soul-stirring musical compositions which seem to sparkle with the inspiration of a rare moment are the result of careful, labored effort before they were brought to a stage approaching perfection.

Howe did not invent the sewing machine over

night. It required many years of patient labor to develop that revolutionary piece of mechanism.

Alexander Graham Bell said he was working on a device to improve the hearing of the deaf when he came across the principles which eventually resulted in the perfection of the telephone.

The motor car has been in a state of development for nearly one hundred and fifty years. As far back as 1770 a steam gun carriage was operated by a French army engineer named Cugnot.

After years of experimentation Charles Goodyear accidentally discovered the way to vulcanize rubber.

The first pneumatic tire was devised by Robert William Thompson in 1845. He was a Scotch civil engineer. His invention did not succeed largely because of the difficulties of manufacture which made the cost prohibitive. His idea may have been an inspiration; but all inspirations do not result in success any more than are all successes the result of inspiration.

It remained for John B. Dunlop to re-invent the pneumatic tire in 1888, after having previously built one for his son's bicycle out of a piece of rubber hose.

The first successful airplane produced by the Wrights did not spring from sudden inspiration, but from patient, tireless labor and a dogged determination to succeed in the face of repeated failure, and the strength and fortitude to proceed in

spite of public ridicule; not to mention a degree of physical courage seldom called for in the field of ordinary creative effort.

It may be held that inspiration formed the basis—the nucleus—which lead to the perfection of all these things. Possibly, but too often small accidents reveal great truths . . . just as Newton discovered the law of gravity by noting the falling of an apple to the ground.

Inspiration may come sometimes as a sort of supernatural or divine message, but generally it is due to the development of our natural faculties as the effect of thought, not the cause.

Seldom, if ever, is anything worth while accomplished by sitting in idle anticipation of some heaven-born inspiration, as the indolent await the knock of opportunity.

The best inspiration is found in work, mental or physical. The active man discovers it when he least expects to find it . . . just as a prospector sometimes uncovers a rich vein. But to find inspiration it must be sought for, like the gold, where the metal is most likely to be hidden.

Inspiration, like a beautiful, demure and modest damsel, must be persistently wooed to be won . . . and "faint heart ne'er won fair lady."

Cultivate the habit of thought. It is remarkable how step by step ideas will develop under thoughtful concentrated effort, no matter how difficult or hopeless the attempt may seem in the beginning.

Few things which endure, which leave their impression upon time, come into the world ready-made; everything is the result of evolution.

Michael Angelo was an "inspired" master of many arts, but his inspiration came with his work —and he was a prodigious worker. It was he who said "Trifles make perfection but perfection is no trifle." He knew.

Don't wait for inspiration . . . seek for it where it is likely to be, in work, and you will find it.

IDEALISM

To have greatly dreamed precludes low ends.

—LOWELL.

EVERY social reform, every step forward towards some better standard of living, has been the result of somebody's idealism in the beginning.

Ends which seemed hopelessly remote have been reached sooner than their most ardent advocates dared hope for; ideals have become eventualities and their creators, once regarded as visionaries, have lived to see the day when they were hailed as prophets.

The first men who marched in a Suffrage parade were ridiculed; yet, within a decade the country enfranchised its women.

Prohibition, once the pet of professional reformers and sanctimonious uplifters, and, as such combatted by the advocates of human rights and liberty, came to be regarded as one of the necessary elements of business efficiency, and in that guise was endorsed by those who were once its bitterest foes.

Woman suffrage and prohibition were two ideals which a few years ago would have been regarded as impossible of consummation.

Step by step the world goes forward. No great change is accomplished in the twinkling of an eye. So it is a mistake to fling into the discard those things which make for advancement, spiritual or material, simply because their accomplishment seems difficult or distant.

Only the indolent are satisfied to rest content and make the best of an admittedly bad condition. "What cannot be cured must be endured"; but many a disease which was once regarded as incurable would have remained so if men had not persistently sought a remedy—and found it. And, as time goes on, man's mastery over the physical will become greater as man himself grows wiser.

What cannot be cured may often be alleviated, and that is better than nothing.

Life is motion, and motion goes forward or backward; that truth is an old one but it will bear repetition. Inapplication is disintegration.

A few decades ago, only the most confirmed optimist would have believed that great corporations would become co-operative and take their workmen into virtual partnership. No doubt when that idea was first germinated it was regarded as idealistic and visionary, but it came to pass.

Competition among the better class of merchants and manufacturers is less bitter and vicious than it used to be; co-operation, understanding and a mutual respect between business men is growing every day, and where this condition

exists it is reflected in the personnel of the organizations.

The result is that lies and sharp practice are fast becoming the obsolete tools of trade and the tricky salesman is rapidly being relegated to oblivion.

Conditions are by no means perfect, but nothing is perfection. Still, if we are much further advanced than we used to be, it is because ideals have existed towards which men have never ceased to strive.

Certain high standards of conduct, by way of example, have their effect upon others whose ethical code may be lower, and little by little, suspicion and antagonism have given way to toleration as one man begins to find something in another to respect if not to emulate. It is but a step from respect to confidence, and when that is born, the blossoms of friendship spring up where the bitter weeds of enmity grew rank.

The Great War upset our ideas and shattered many of our ideals, but out of every great upheaval comes some good.

If nothing else results, senseless and narrow prejudice will have given way to some extent to a decent regard for the beliefs and traditions of others.

Men have been thrown together from the four corners of the world and this commingling of the masses will surely widen their visions as one race

finds in another something worth while and respectable.

Jew, Gentile, Mohammedan and Pagan have fought side by side, and out of this brotherhood of arms may come, perhaps, that brotherhood of man which has been the dream of philosophers for centuries; and, if this transpires, the war, frightful as it was, will not have been fought in vain.

Keep your ideals green.

OPPORTUNITY

A wise man will make more opportunity than he finds.
—BACON.

Opportunity comes to all sooner or later who work and wish.
—LORD STANLEY.

The best men are not those who have waited for chances, but who have taken them—besieged the chance, conquered the chance and made the chance their servitor.
—CHAPIN.

THE general opinion that opportunity knocks once at every man's door is probably responsible for more disappointment than any other popular belief except the conviction that "everything comes to him who waits."

We need not pause here to consider the truth of the latter axiom, which like many epigrams is more pat than philosophical. Patience, which this saying glorifies, is a virtue when it isn't an excuse for indolence.

Opportunity is a much abused word. It is too often blamed for failure, too many times held responsible for success.

If opportunity announces itself, its voice is so still and small that unless one's ear is attuned to it like the receiving end of a wireless station, the call will be lost.

Opportunity is ubiquitous. It rests on the mountain-top, lies in the valleys, sails the seven seas and stands on the street corners beckoning to many a man who is walking in a trance.

Opportunity consists in picking up something which somebody else has overlooked and making the find pay dividends.

The failure is the man who has waited for the knock of opportunity; the successful are those who sought it in unremitting toil and found it there. Opportunity seldom makes the man; when it does it isn't opportunity so much as luck. But many are the men who have made their opportunities. The proof is manifold.

For instance: a traveling man drops into a fair-sized town and, wanting some neckwear, discovers that there isn't an up-to-date haberdashery in the place. This gives him an idea. He looks the town over, appraises the character of its population, makes some pertinent inquiries and finally comes to the conclusion that here is an opening for a smart men's wear store. He hasn't much capital, but on the strength of his forceful presentation and his reputation for honesty and ability, he gets a line of credit in his home town, comes back and goes into business.

His store is different, his line is new and pleasing and the venture succeeds. In a year or so the establishment has doubled in size. In five years it has grown into a department store and the proprietor has become rich.

All this may be termed opportunity; but if it is it did not knock at the successful one's door. It stood right out there on the street corner where every other inhabitant in town could have seen it if the majority of them hadn't been sound asleep . . . and opportunity is no alarm clock.

Another instance:

A widow in moderate circumstances practices economy by trimming her own hats. Her friends admire them so much that one or two of them prevail upon the lady to make hats for them. She consents. The hats attract the favorable attention of other women and, after a while, the widow has so much to do that she decides to take on an assistant and go into modest business quarters. The store is prosperous and the next year it is moved to a fashionable quarter of the city. In another twelve-month the woman is one of the recognized milliners of the town.

Was her success due to the pounding of opportunity or to her skill and industry?

The world is filled with similar examples.

All of the favored professions are overcrowded. Yet, in spite of that, every day new men get into them and after a brief period—short by comparison with others in the same professions—they rise to the top.

Undoubtedly, circumstances sometimes occasion their advancement—that is, sheer luck. More often success comes to the man who can smile in the face of failure, and, undismayed by

reverses, allows discouragement to find no lodgment in his heart. In that attitude of mind, men will see an advantage which is invisible to the pessimist and the laggard.

Analyze the average success and you will find its constituents to be an idea, not necessarily great or original, a good measure of courage and plenty of hard work.

Most of us have ability of some kind, but not all of us have imagination, courage and the will power to hang on and work on.

Opportunity is not an entity, not a tangible thing upon which we can hang our hats; it is a condition . . . and sometimes it is a condition of mind.

Opportunity does not knock at your door. You've got to go out and knock at opportunity's door . . . and if you keep looking long enough, you'll find the house—many houses—where opportunity lives; nor will you knock in vain, nor having entered, wear out your welcome.

The man with vision, industry and health doesn't wait for an opportunity; without them opportunity wouldn't do him any good.

GENIUS

Genius unexerted is no more genius than a bushel of acorns is a forest of oaks.

—BEECHER.

Eccentricity is not a proof of genius, and even artists should remember that originality consists not only in doing things differently, but also in doing things better.

—STEADMAN.

A GENIUS is sometimes one who can do almost anything except make a living. Geniuses—that is, those who most freely admit the charge—lead a carefree existence like the butterfly; but they are less ornamental than that insect and they live longer—perhaps for that reason. Beauty, somehow or other, like other good things of earth, is somewhat ephemeral.

The genius is a nocturnal, gregarious animal. The fires of genius seem to burn more fiercely under the stars and every large city has its quarter where the supposedly elect in art foregather and build temples to the Muses.

In New York, Greenwich Village is the habitat of real and imaginary geniuses.

Greenwich Village is opposite Washington

Square, where in the early days the city's aristocracy dwelt—the aristocracy of wealth and ancestry, of course, which is not to be compared or confused with the aristocracy of brains, tripe, liver or spaghetti.

The only thing about the Greenwich quarter which suggests a village is the bucolic laziness of its denizens; the polyglot character of the population is particularly urban, and before the gods descended from high Olympus to sanctify the locality it was largely devoted to the stabling of horses. Now the winged Pegasus is quartered where once old Dobbin champed his bit.

Down there many of the geniuses dwell in reconstructed stables; but from the natural antipathy which many of them display towards soap and water, there seems to be no reason why the stables were reconstructed.

Of course, genius is different; it prides itself on that fact and urges it as a reason why it cannot and should not be expected to be hampered by the little conventionalities which restrict the narrowly ordered lives of mere persons . . . such, for instance, as the indulgence in clean linen or manicuring or submitting regularly to the administrations of the tonsorial artist . . . the tonsorial artist having no recognized standing in either modern art or paleotechnics, though he has been mentioned by Shakespeare, and the talkative-barber joke, according to Plutarch, antedated him by several centuries.

There doesn't seem to be any reason why genius, though admittedly different, should also be disorderly, since cleanliness is supposed to be next to godliness and genius is a gift of the gods. But, perhaps, the idea is that a little attention devoted to raiment and a decent respect for personal hygiene savor too much of mundane things . . . though a lack of the latter savors of that most mundane of all things—the glue factory.

Still, mud is made of the bones of kings, the dust of stars and the ashes of last year's roses; that may explain the love of it.

Fantastic attire and a sweet disregard for the little amenities of life are characteristic of the embryonic genius. The bizarre is his trademark, also hers. It is a sort of advertisement for "Hobohemia."

But, growing older, they occasionally change. They discover after a while that this is a busy, material, commercialized, old world though tolerant and not altogether indifferent to genius—that is the real thing—and real genius needs no advertising.

Somehow it will get on top no matter how deep in a hole it may be buried or how many obstacles it has to surmound after it gets out of the hole. You simply can't keep it down, that's all.

Then when success has come, genius wears perfectly good clothes, talks, looks and acts like other people, having found out through inter-

course with them that they really serve a useful purpose, if in no other way than merely as a background for the scintillating flashes of genius; and if it has ever worn the livery of Bohemia, genius smiles at the thought and wonders why.

FEMININE INTUITION

Intuition is the clear conception of the whole at once. It seldom belongs to a man to say without presumption, "I came, I saw, I conquered."

—LAVATER.

WE'VE heard a great deal about woman's intuition. She prides herself on it. She doesn't hesitate to affirm that man's judgment may be based on experience and all that sort of thing, but when it comes to matching his masculine judgment against her feminine intuition, it is perfectly useless!

He may bring in support of his argument all the wisdom and the logic that has ever been laid down from Solomon to the last opinion of the Supreme Court of the United States, but if the proposition is one in which failure will affect her, too, her answer is usually "Don't." She doesn't know why, but "something" tells her it won't succeed.

And the exasperating part of it is that she is usually right. So mere man marvels at the miracle of her insight or foresight, damns his own stupidity and respectfully takes off his hat to that mysterious faculty in woman which is called in-

tuition and against which his "ripe" judgment so often goes ingloriously to the mat.

But woman's intuition is not so much of a miracle after all.

Man is a venturesome creature. If he has any ambition at all he is possessed of the sporting blood of the gambler. He believes in the maxim "Nothing ventured, nothing gained!" so he is usually willing to take a chance, provided he feels reasonably sure the cards are not marked.

Accordingly he proposes to undertake something involving some element of risk; if he wins, the stakes will be large; if he loses the damage may be equally great and possibly entail a period of hardship before he can "come back."

He is getting along pretty well in the world, but he loves Jane and he would like to see her ride in an automobile, too, as Mrs. Smith does, next door. He feels that he has more brains than Smith, but Smith took a chance, it broke lucky for him and he won. Well, he's going to take a chance, too.

He goes home full of enthusiasm and puts the proposition up to the lady. But Jane is a woman, and women are conservative.

She would dearly love to have the motor car and the other things which go with it, but . . . suppose things go wrong?

The more she revolves the matter in her mind, the larger looms the possibility of failure and the smaller dwindle the chances of success.

The humiliation of defeat . . . the sneers and jibes of her acquaintances . . . the gossip of friends . . . all these dire eventualities pass swiftly before her mental vision, so she shakes her head, lays a warning hand on John's shoulder, and says,

"Please don't do it."

"Why?" asks John.

"I can't tell you why, only I don't think you ought to take a chance."

"But," he remonstrates, "that's no reason."

"Well," she confesses, "I know, but something tells me you shouldn't."

He marshals his facts, catalogs his reasons, uses persuasion and in every other way tries to get her to alter her opinion, but Jane remains obdurate. Finally he gives up in disgust and goes to bed, having come to the conclusion that there is no use reasoning with a woman.

The next morning his resolve is hardened and he decides to go ahead in spite of her. "Because" is no reason and he was a fool for expecting a woman with no experience to analyze a business proposition, anyhow.

So he takes the plunge and . . . fails!

There was no reason for the calamity except an unusual and totally unexpected condition which none but a prophet could have foreseen. In ordinary circumstances success would have been certain.

But Jane was right. Her deadly intuition was unerring, as usual.

That is, he thinks so.

But the secret—if there is a secret—lies in the fact that woman's intuition is generally negative.

Nine times out of ten, yes, ninety-nine times out of one hundred, her natural conservatism prompts her to counsel against the taking of any chance in which failure may involve her in its wake and cause her to suffer the pangs of humiliation or discomfort.

Now let us look at some facts.

The carefully kept records of business show that 98 per cent of all new commercial enterprises fail. But two out of each one hundred meets with any measure of success! Therefore, when a woman advises a man not to engage in some new venture, she has 98 per cent the best of it from the start. With such an advantage in one's favor nobody could lose in any game of chance—in fact, it wouldn't be a game of chance but an iron-bound, copper-riveted cinch!

"But wait," somebody objects, "women are not conservative. They are creatures of impulse; you men say so yourselves."

Yes, so they are, in emotional matters such as love, hate, envy, jealousy, sympathy or prejudice; and, sometimes, where a man is concerned, she has a peculiar sense of distrust which plays her true. But here again, her emotions will often triumph and get the better of her intuition.

But when it comes to matters involving her personal comfort or her social standing, matters with which her heart has nothing to do, she seldom cares to risk them on a cast of the die. Then she is not only conservative but reactionary.

SELF-PITY

No man's credit can fall so low but that if he bear his shame as he should do, and profit by it as he ought to do, it is in his power to redeem his reputation.

—LORD NOTTINGHAM.

ONE of the first essentials of success—even moderate success—is the capacity to take stock of your weaknesses and abilities; to detach yourself from yourself and carefully analyze the man.

This is not an easy thing to do. While we are all willing to admit that we have our shortcomings, few of us readily confess that such faults as we have are any greater in comparison than those which enter into the composition of the average man.

In other words, we look at the matter as a sort of 50-50 proposition, and we proceed on the theory that everything being more or less equal, there is no reason why we should fail except when luck rules against us.

The mere admission of a fault is not enough. We might just as well never acknowledge a weakness as to make no attempt to really remedy it. Confession is not correction, and without the rectification of our defects—when we know them—we cannot make good against stronger men.

The worst attitude of mind is that which leads one to believe himself a particularly unfortunate person; that the world is against him and that he can't make good—not because he lacks the ability—but because hard luck pursues him.

It is difficult, of course, to reckon against genuine misfortune. A hare-lip and a club-foot are misfortunes, but hard luck is largely a superstition when it isn't an excuse.

When once we get ourselves in the mental attitude that will permit us to apply the principles of self-analysis, we usually find, probably much to our disgust, that nearly every failure, every miscarriage of our plans, is traceable to our own bad judgment or to some little weakness.

Vacillation, indecision, instability, impulsiveness, fear, leniency, over-confidence, stubbornness, prejudice, suspicion and countless other things which may be classed as weak or emotional have had, probably, some contributing influence upon our failure.

All men are prey to some of these things, in a greater or less degree, and according to their proportion men are either strong or weak.

Mistakes are common to all men of action; it is no sin to err: to make the same mistake twice, however, is a sign of bad judgment, and without judgment no man succeeds except by chance.

Don't be ashamed of your faults; but once you know them apply corrective measures or you will travel the road that leads to failure.

Luck never sets for long against the man who doesn't believe in it. Assume the attitude of a martyr and you will find yourself your only sympathizer.

Take a seat on the mourner's bench, and only the grief-stricken will sit beside you. Success begets success. "Misery loves company," but it usually has to play a game of solitaire.

Get the idea that you are the picture of hard luck, and, after a while, you will look the part and have to play it to the end.

"The proper study of mankind," says Pope, "is man." Begin with yourself—the most important man in your category of friends.

Once you have separated the wheat from the chaff, begin to eliminate the chaff and cultivate the wheat, and some day you will raise a bumper crop which will pay you handsomely.